

EVENING LEDGER

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speaking officially, but he reflected the general sentiment of the American people in favor of neutrality of thought as well as of speech and action, so far as such neutrality is consistent with a man's respect for his own intelligence.

A Professor Describes a "Machine" POSSIBLY Professor William Millikan Sloans, in lecturing before German students at Berlin and Munich on "Party Government in the United States," had Penroseism in mind when he said: "Where the organization of party is known as the 'machine,' both place and money bribery abound, and the slime of the serpent is on every political and social institution because it is on the hearts of the men and women concerned, the people who set up and work the whole machinery of life. The fountain cannot rise above its source except by artifice; there are times and places where party machinery becomes so foul that it is clogged and stopped."

Spending Money on the Wrong Things THE Municipal Court has made one record which is not likely soon to be broken: its extravagance has become a standard of measurement. Not content with the luxurious quarters now assigned to it, it wants a building of its own. The acquiescent Committee on Finance has provided in the loan bill the sum of \$400,000 for this purpose. It would be a fine thing for Philadelphia to have a new public building, or several of them, and when some of the constitutional restrictions of the city's borrowing capacity are removed it might be good policy to build them. But just now there are far more urgent needs for all the cash available. It is very obvious that sound business policy does not dictate in all instances the financial program of Councils.

Facts Their Best Argument FACTS will be fighting on the side of the Eastern railroads when, next month, they go before the Interstate Commerce Commission to renew their petition for freight rate advances. If before they could make a strong showing, they now can make a brilliant one. Their case is substantially fortified.

A year ago the main difficulty that confronted them was the high cost of capital, resulting from unsatisfactory net returns. That is the main difficulty today; but meantime the cost of capital has mounted even higher. Not only have net revenues dwindled because of a shortage in import and export traffic, but only have interest rates, in general, risen, but a market for the sale of new securities is now non-existent, while upon the reopening of the New York Stock Exchange foreign holders of American rails are likely to flood the market. Higher freight rates point the obvious way out of this dilemma.

New Words in an Old Language WHEN, in his study of science, a man achieves something which is new to the world, it often happens that his name is attached for all subsequent time to the discovery which he makes or the theory which he formulates. The name of Copernicus thus becomes an adjective in reference to the Copernican theory. The name of Darwin acquires a suffix in discussions of Darwinism. The name of Pasteur is perpetuated in a verb. It is likewise in philosophy, in politics, in religion, with such terms as Hegelianism, Lincolnian statesmanship, Christianity. A man who makes a great contribution to the world's thought and the world's history represents some idea or principle or achievement which is so distinctively his own that perhaps the language appropriates his name for its special purposes.

Sometimes, however, there is nothing complimentary in this philological recognition. To speak of a Machiavellian proposal, for instance, is not to praise either the proposal or Machiavelli. The gerrymander is not itself in good repute, though the word has a definite and useful meaning. Another word of similar origin, one which is well understood all over the country and even elsewhere, is Penroseism. So much for future fame!

True to Their Conventions THROUGH the hideous red war-mist two facts stand out plainly: One fact is that Great Britain, with sincerity that must be conceded, carried out her written promise, her treaty-plighted word, to Belgium. She knew there would be a fearful price to pay; she didn't flinch.

The other fact is that President Wilson, insisting that this country carry out its solemn promise to Great Britain regarding non-discrimination in Panama tolls, facing honest differences of opinion as to our basic rights, set an example of international probity and good faith of the Anglo-Saxon regard for the sacredness of the spoken and written promise, which was a splendid forerunner of Great Britain's action.

That the two great English-speaking nations have declared to the world they are one in demanding the observance of international obligations, no matter what the cost, is the strongest guarantee that future agreements will mean what they say and shall not be "scraps of paper" to be torn and tossed to the winds at the caprice of any ruler.

After all, in fairness, it should not be forgotten that there was a time when Bismarck and Loebing were original German provincials.

It is not so difficult to credit those rumors of atrocities committed by that band of Germans in Belgium. German bands are famous for their atrocious misdeeds.

It is worth while to swallow a wholesome dose of Federalism in order to secure a wholesome Republican majority in 1916.

The effect of the depressed immediate demand for cotton is not localized in the South. It affects the welfare of the entire United States. The buy-a-half-of-cotton movement will not cure the situation, but every little bit helps.

In these modern days it seems that it would be more up-to-date for the armies to be automatized.

Now that the New York police have put a quietus on that man who was renting babies to criminals for use at their trials, he will doubtless complain of it as another blow at our infant industries.

Within a year New York city will have between 20 and 30 miles of new subways ready for operating; within a year Philadelphia will have to remove about 50 or 60 miles of red tape and other obstructions between her and the new subways.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

THE visit to this country of a special Belgian Embassy recalls the time spent in the United States by Li Hung Chang, Chinese statesman and admirer of General Grant. It was his devotion to the memory of the American General which nearly precipitated international complications between the then Celestial Empire and old Erin. Li arrived in New York city and, according to the by-laws of his native land, was not permitted to touch his silk-clad feet upon heathen foreign soil. So, wherever he went, regal carpets were laid, or the old gentleman was carried in Sedan chairs.

It was so when he visited Grant's tomb on Riverside Drive, New York. Stepping from his carriage, he entered a waiting Sedan chair. Four husky Irish policemen stepped forward, red of face and ill at ease. For a moment they hesitated, one or two essayed to speak, but emotion overcame them. They grasped the handles and New York witnessed the amazing sight of a Chinaman carried to anything but a patrol wagon by four Irish policemen!

THERE was yet another delegation from a foreign nation in this country, the three Boers, who sought aid in their war against Britain. No sooner had they landed than an enterprising weekly paper commandeered them and brought them into a special room in their hotel, where the sun was bright, and had a photographer take an even dozen pictures in various, more or less graceful, attitudes.

And when the twelve plates were developed, just one pair of magnificent countenances appeared to view! The plates had been light-struck, and—the delegates were on their way home!

IN THE days when Brooklyn was yet a municipal entity, David A. Boddy was yet a Mayor. Mr. Boddy is a gentleman to his finger tips, and was completely out of touch with the political gang which ruled the City of Churches. But as a Mayor he was not altogether a success, for the "gang" took great pleasure in "putting things over on him." So it was no wonder that one day the telephone in his office rang violently and an excited voice at the other end of the wire informed the Mayor that at a certain number in Raymond street there was congregated the greatest aggregation of thieves, cutthroats, burglars and criminals ever gathered under one roof. The Mayor at once passed the news to Chief of Police Campbell, who sent a wagonload of policemen to the place.

On a dead run the patrol dashed down Raymond street and drew up—before the Raymond street jail!

DURING the days preceding our own war with Spain, General Weyler was nearly lynched in a newspaper office, only he did not know it, and it is doubtful whether his ignorance has been dispelled even now. It was at the time when the chrome newspapers were out-yellowing one another to the fullest extent of their ingenuity and regardless of their financial wounds. The yellowest of them all conceived the idea that it would be a splendid thing if it could get Weyler into the hands of the Cuban insurgents, obtain his last statement, have him lynched and then photographed. Men were sent to Cuba to visit the revolutionists, and all the arrangements for the kidnapping were completed, when the proprietor of the paper in question backed water, and declined to see the "enterprise" through. When pressed for an explanation, he gave voice to the following cryptic utterance:

"I don't mind being yellow, but I'll be dashed if I want the world to think that I am purple."

STILL, being "purple" is not nearly so bad as being born to the purple without the needed financial backing, as was the case of Frederic Lemaitre, the great French actor. Lemaitre was in debt from the day of his birth to the day he died—not ordinary indebtedness, but overwhelming financial obligations. So he spent most of his waking hours evolving plans for raising money. And even now, in its spare moments, Paris remembers his vagaries.

A new play was billed, Lemaitre was the star. At 7 o'clock in the evening, an hour before the curtain was to go up, the manager received a note from a pawnbroker, informing him that Lemaitre had pawned himself for 20,000 francs and that there would be no performance unless he was redeemed. He was.

Another time Paris was amazed when it saw Lemaitre driving down the Bois in a magnificent equipage, drawn by four white horses. A friend hailed him from the sidewalk.

"You are a fool, Lemaitre, buying such an expensive carriage, when you are head over heels in debt. Why did you do it?"

"I had to," responded Lemaitre, sticking a torn shoe out of the window. "How the deuce could I afford to walk the street looking like that?"

A SIMILAR character, but American, was John Stetson, the Boston theatrical manager. One afternoon he arrived at the Tremont Street Theatre and saw a sign reading:

Matinee today  
P. M.  
SHAH.

"Who in blazes is Sharp? Put Stetson there," he thundered, and no amount of explanation would induce him to change his mind. But it was when Baron de Grimm, the artist, staged Rider Haggard's "She" for Stetson, that the latter broke all grammatical records. In the play was a line:

"She, who must be obeyed," and Stetson argued for three blessed hours that it should have been "Her, who must be obeyed."

MRS. ETHEL CAUGHLIN, of Moore's Flat, Nevada, is desperately anxious to resign her office, but Uncle Sam has declined with thanks and so she is still postmistress, a mile from the nearest habitation, with her husband a hundred miles away. The Government can get no one else to take the place, which pays only \$10 a month. There must be some one in charge of the office, so the pleas and wails of Mrs. Coughlin have been unavailing. Now she has induced her bondsmen to withdraw their security, hoping that this move will force her out of an office that would be more up-to-date for the armies to be automatized.

CURIOSITY SHOP

The Field of Forty Footsteps—according to the legend—was a meadow in old London, on whose site the British Museum now stands. It was also known as Southampton Field. During the Monmouth rebellion two brothers espoused opposite sides and fought a duel on the meadow. Both were slain and, accord-

ing to the story, 40 footprints were visible for many years, for no grass would grow where the fratricidal blood had stained the sward.

Oxtail soup is of older origin, dating back to the Protestant refugees who fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In 1685, to the extremity of want they bought the tails of oxen from tanners and made soup therefrom. Accident brought the edible to the attention of an epicure, who liked the broth so well that he proclaimed its virtues until it became a fashionable dish.

The title of Prime Minister was not officially conferred, but was given in banter to Sir Robert Walpole. On February 11, 1712, he said in the House of Commons:

"Having invested me with a kind of mock dignity and styled me a 'prime minister,' the Opposition impudently to me an unpardonable abuse of the chimerical authority which they only created and conferred."

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

The War Game French troops check Germans. German army checks Russians. Austrians checked in Galicia. Sounds like the baggage train of a railroad station.

We'll Leave This Entirely to Our Readers Correspondent, writing on a letterhead of the mental detention room of a local hospital, asks whether the following could be called a poem: "Give credit whom it due is— To the whiskers of Ham Lewis."

We would NOT call it a poem; what we really think of it shall go down into the dark and dank grave with our mortal remnant.

Wonder What Was Meant "The only homes I want are Paris and Heaven."

"Well, you'd better make the most of Paris."

Wish We Knew a Caption Harrowing Enough To Do Justice to This! Some parents think an heir a crying need. And that's the way he usually turns out.

From the News Columns SHE. The fall bride is a wondrous thing Of furbelows and laces. As pretty as the new-blown rose— The wedding page she graces.

HE. The bridegroom doesn't count at all; The future, glad his class. An ordinary mortal he. On checks, his name he places.

Honest, This Really Happened We walked into a barber shop to have our luxuriant curls denatured, dimmed, singed, massaged and otherwise maltreated. The barber went to work with a will and scissors. He clipped and combed and clipped. He spoke not. Then he brushed off the expurgated hair, combed what remained, took off the towel about our swart-like necks, we pulled him and walked out. Strange? Most assuredly, for he never even once, much less often, raised a mirror behind us and asked whether or no the cut suited our aesthetic ideas.

News Notes From The Aquarium "Principal Fish About to Resign."—Worcester, Mass., Gazette.

In The Sanctum "Have you a consulting editor?" "No, an office boy."

The Blow-Out "What happened to Babylon?" asked the teacher of her Brooklyn class. "It fell," cried the pupil. "And what became of Nineveh?" "It was destroyed." "And what of Tyre?" "Punctured."—Exchange.

A Purist Acoosting citizen—Can you tell me a good place to stop at? "Citizen—Certainly! Just before the 'at.' Good day, sir."—Boston Transcript.

His Preparation "Have you had any experience in the movies?" "Oh, yes, sir; I was for ten years with a furniture van."—Baltimore American.

Ideal Husband "Yes, I may say I have an ideal husband. An Apollo for looks, a Chesterfield for manners," rhapsodized the girl. "Those things don't count in husbands, my dear. Mine stays fairly sober and brings most of his salary home."—Pittsburgh Post.

Oh, Pshaw! "K. F. Shaw, new Chinese Minister, arrives with five children and a retinue of twenty-seven."—Newspaper Item.

Dear Ferdin mourns her awful loss. The Shah no longer rules as boss. He's in his land, we read, because (And here for rhymes we're forced to pause) He represents the land of Heaven— Of family and servants there are 27. The Hurrab for China and its Shah, Who of five children is the 1st!

\*Prosperous to rhyme with "boss."

Generosity Mr. McNab (to urchin)—What's the matter, liddle? "Tchin—I've lost my 'penny'!" Mr. McNab—Aye, dinnit grieve, Here's a match to find it.—London Opinion.

Neighbor's Children "What is the scientific name of the small creature who is ruining your fruit this year?" asked Mrs. Deady. "The scientific name," replied Mrs. Blobs, "but it is vulgarly known as Jimmy Dobbles."—Washington Star.

THE OLD FLAG By H. C. Bunner Off with your hat as the flag goes by. And let the heart have its say! You're man enough for a tear in your eye. That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes To your very finger tips. Aye, the lump just then in your throat that rises. Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the bay on your shoulder, high. And show him the faded shroud. Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky. If death could have dyed them red.

The man that here it with death has lain These twenty years and more. He died that the work should not be in vain. Of the man who bore it before.

The man that bears it is bent and old. And ragged his beard and gray. But look at his eye fire young and bold. At the time that he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air. And strikes right into the heart. If it ever calls for you, boy, be there— Be there and ready to start.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by! Uncover the youngster's head! Teach him to hold it high and high. For the base of the sacred dead.

Among us are innumerable corrupt men

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

WHEN I read a few days ago that two lots of the Girard Estate in the vicinity of Third and Porter streets had just been sold by the city for more than \$34,000, it instantly occurred to me that that was only a little less than a third of the total value of the realty owned by Girard in old Passyunk township at the time of his death.

Girard was one of the first men here to realize the worth of realty as an investment. There had been land speculators before him in the field, of course, but he was cautious and, unlike Nicholson, who, at one time, had an ownership in about one-sixth of the State, Girard, for the great part, had his holdings in Philadelphia. His ventures outside included his coal lands in Pennsylvania, which are still very profitable, and other land in Louisiana.

He left to the city for the support of his wonderful college for orphan boys some of the most valuable land in the central part of the city. It is true that pieces of this property, owing to the changes of business centres, are not now so profitable as they once were, yet those properties in the neighborhood of the river, as Girard understood, never can cease to be of value so long as we have any commerce at all.

WHEN Girard died he was the richest man in this country. The inventory filed by his executors showed that his total property, real and personal—and he had a great deal of both—was valued, in 1832, at more than \$6,000,000.

We have become so accustomed to the millionaire in our day and, in our conversations at least, are even now flirting with billions, that we do not realize what \$6,000,000 meant in 1832.

There was no other man in the United States at that time who could hold rank anywhere near Girard in the point of wealth. The immense fortunes with which we are so familiar are of much later date; they are even of our own times, when the work of exploiting the resources of the country began.

GIRARD'S fortune was piled up laboriously and slowly. It was not speculative, in the modern sense of the word. He was a keen buyer; he knew values, whether it was of wines, which he imported by the shipload and bottled and sold, or of real estate, which he bought and rented. He was constantly importuned to take stock in the various new enterprises of his time, but where he merely desired to oblige the seller, he bought but a few shares. It is evident that he regarded these as contributions and not business.

For instance, we find his executors entering one share each in Le Courrier des Etats-Unis, the French newspaper; in the Domestic Society, in the Susquehanna and Lehigh turnpike and in the Downingtown and Ephrata turnpike, but they did not place any value opposite them. These were not regarded as investments by a man like Girard, but we do find him owning 2200 shares in the Schuylkill Navigation Company, and these were valued in 1832 at \$264,000. He held nearly a million in Pennsylvania 5 per cents, and \$113,500 in City 8 per cents.

His coal lands, which consisted of nearly 30,000 acres in Schuylkill County, were valued at \$175,246 at the time of the inventory. Now they return a profit of more than that every year.

His Philadelphia holdings were listed at \$1,189,931, and no other man owned so much at that time. The Girard Estate has now three buildings worth more than that amount, to say nothing of the college itself.

ALTHOUGH Girard's holdings in the southern part of the city contained considerable acreage, and one of his parcels of land in Passyunk township contained his "plantation" or country place, they were valued at less than \$112,000. I should not like to venture upon an estimate of their value today, for on the site of part of his plantation rows of houses of the most modern character have been erected and rented. And still there is more land to be improved.

Three buildings, now covered by the Mariner and Merchant Building, at Third and Chestnut, were rented in 1832 at \$1605, \$1805 and \$1605 respectively a year. He had a dairy farm in Moyamensing district that rented for \$900 a year, and a whole row of dwellings on Fairmount avenue, then Coates street, that were rented for \$257.50 a year each.

For the old Dunlap house, at the southeast corner of Twelfth and Market streets, Girard received \$708 a year. This was regarded as a large rent for that locality in those days, but I think any person would be willing to give a good many times that amount for such a corner now.

From all his city properties Girard received only a little more than \$40,000 a year in rentals, and he was the richest man in the United States in his day.

BY that strange perversity of human nature that sometimes affects men of greatness, Girard desired to be remembered as a mariner instead of a merchant, although as the latter he is, of course, better recalled. It may not be known that Booth's greatest ambition was to be a comedian, yet it is as a tragedian that he became famous. On the other hand, his brother-in-law, John S. Clarke, who was a comedian of the buffo type, believed he had failed in life because the world would not accept him as a tragedian. Napoleon at first desired to achieve fame as a novelist, but if he did not achieve that position, he succeeded in providing atmosphere for countless pieces of fiction.

I feel sure that Philadelphians are likely to forget the mariner in Girard in the greatness and far-sightedness of the man of business.

GIRARDVILLE.

THE IDEALIST

The Emperor of China assumed terrific obligations. Among them was the absolute guarantee that he would make the sun come up each morning.

It is not a matter of record that the sun ever failed to put in appearance. But therein lies the reason for the immeasurable faith which the people of the land put in their ruler. To them he was an earnestist.

Some folk think that the profound respect which is paid a big man is born solely of the superior ability he possesses. He can do things that I cannot do. He can sway a mob, whereas I lack the power to change the mind of a single individual. Hence he is well entitled to my reverence.

I have just read an intensely interesting account of one of the country's strongest public men. It was not proven therein that he possessed exceptional ability.

But it was proven that he never broke his word.

And that is exactly what earned for the ancient Chinese rulers the terrible fear and worshipful respect existing among their subjects.

Among us are innumerable corrupt men

who assume leadership in public life. God forbid they should ascendancy with fears as to what the world is ready willing to do. Search far enough and you'll find the reason for their power.

In the obituary of most every unprincipled man of power you will find a hackneyed "He never broke a promise."

Perhaps he only made a few. But the number does not count. If the old Chinese Emperor had only guaranteed the daily appearance of the sun and nothing more, that would have been quite sufficient to keep him on the pedestal of reverence and fear.

VIEWS OF READERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City, State and Nation.

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—As an independent Republican, interested in having honest men elected to office and the standard of my party restored in Pennsylvania, I am writing to commend your opposition to Penroseism. By so doing through the agency of your excellent paper you render a great service to the citizens of our State. The deep-seated sentiment existing in Westmoreland County and only by the elimination of Penroseism can our party hope to return to its once high standard.

W. B. BERHOLT, Mt. Pleasant, Pa., September 15, 1914.

INTERESTS OF PEOPLE THROTTLED

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Permit me, as a reader of your publication, to express my observations of the sentiment of the people of this State in regard to the non-partisan judiciary and the uniform primary acts are rapidly educating the people in favor of independent political action and non-partisan voting. You will recall that the latter act provides that a voter is entitled to a party ballot where he has voted for a majority of the candidates of that party at the preceding election. These acts can have no other effect than to place the best interests of the State and county before the people at future elections.

The interests of the people of Pennsylvania are throttled by the fact that almost all our large daily papers are controlled by politicians that are inimical to the good government of our State and counties.

DON G. CORBETT, Clarion, Pa., September 15, 1914.

THE FUNCTION OF A NEWSPAPER

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—The true function of a newspaper is service to the people. I believe that almost all our opposition to Mr. Penrose, and I believe that the forceful editorials which have appeared in the Evening Ledger, and those which I believe shall come, will contribute to a marked degree to bringing about this defeat in November. Keep up this service!

W. H. K. Philadelphia, September 16, 1914.

FROM A JOURNALIST

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Being a former newspaperman, I feel privileged to write you my congratulations after carefully watching your issues for the first three days of publication. The physical appearance of the paper commends itself, it seems to me, above everything else. The news is presented not so that the reader may read, but so that he must read.

To catch the eye of the reader immediately is one thing demanded from an afternoon paper. It is another thing to be able to do. The generous use of pictures, which seems to be your policy, almost needs no comment. Pictures to most persons convey a more lasting impression than almost any other device. In the case of the public see the pictures, the paper will be theirs.

PHILADELPHIA, September 16, 1914.

FRANKLIN'S FIRST NEWSPAPER

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Philadelphia is a veritable treasure city for relics of early American literature. Any one not afraid he may meet the ghost of one of the Ridgway family can see in the great brick building on Broad street original issues of the press here, like Bradford's Mercury (our first newspaper), Franklin's General Magazine, and many more. A librarian's card on one of the old-time publications reads something like this:

"This is the first number of Ben Franklin's newspaper. It shows that the newspapers of early times were just as modest as they are today."

That card is misleading, for the old-time publication is the first number of Samuel Reimer's paper, the Universal Instructor of All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. This paper came out on December 2, 1728, and ran for three-quarters of a year, and was sold to Franklin & Meredith for a small sum about August 1729. The news is presented not so that the reader may read, but so that he must read.

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